

Memoirs of Indian Wars And Other Occurrences

By the late Colonel Stuart of Greenbrier. Seventh Paper.

Presented to the Virginia Historical and Philological Society, in 1833, by Chas. A. Stuart, of Augusta, son of the Narrator.

When we had arrived, there was no account of General Hand or his army, and little or no provision made to support our troops, other than what we had taken with us down the Kenawha. We found too, that the garrison was unable to spare us any supplies, having nearly exhausted, when we got there, what had been provided for themselves. But we concluded to wait there as long as we could for the arrival of General Hand, or some account of him. During the time of our stay two young men, of the names of Hamilton and Gilmore, went over the Kenawha one day to hunt for deer; on their return to camp, some Indians had concealed themselves on the bank amongst the weeds, to view our encampment; and as Gilmore came along past them, they fired on him and killed him on the bank.

Captain Arbuckle and myself were standing on the opposite bank when the gun fired; and whilst we were wondering who it could be shooting contrary to orders, or what they were doing over the river, we saw Hamilton run down the bank, who called out that Gilmore was killed. Gilmore was one of the company of Captain John Hall, of that part of the country now Rockbridge county. The captain was a relation of Gilmore's, whose family and friends were chiefly cut off by the Indians, in the year 1768, when Greenbrier was cut off. Hall's men instantly jumped into a canoe and went to the relief of Hamilton, who was standing in momentary expectation of being put to death. They brought the corpse of Gilmore down the bank, covered with blood and scalped, and put him in the canoe. As they were passing the river I observed to Captain Arbuckle that the people would be for killing the hostages, as soon as the canoe would land. He supposed that they would not offer to commit so great a violence on the innocent, who were in nowise accessory to the murder of Gilmore. But the canoe had scarcely touched the shore until the cry was raised, let us kill the Indians in the fort; and every man with his gun in his hand, came up the bank pale with rage. Captain Hall was at their head, and leader. Captain Arbuckle and I met them, and endeavored to dissuade them from so unjustifiable an action; but they cooked their guns, threatened us with instant death if we did not desist, rushed by us into the fort, and put the Indians to death.

On the preceding day, the Corn-stalk's son, Elmispico, had come from the nation to see his father, and to know if he was well, or alive. When he came to the river opposite the fort, he hallooed. His father was, at that instant, in the act of delineating a map of the country and the waters between the Shawnee towns and the Mississippi, at our request, with chalk upon the floor. He immediately recognized the voice of his son, got up, went out, and answered him. The young fellow crossed over, and they embraced each other in the most tender and affectionate manner. The interpreter's wife, who had been a prisoner among the Indians, and had recently left them on hearing

hearing the men threatening that they would kill the Indians, for whom she retained much affection ran to their cabin and informed them that the people were just coming to kill them; and that, because the Indians who killed Gilmore, had come with Elmispico the day before. He utterly denied it; declared that he knew nothing of them, and trembled exceedingly. His father encouraged him not to be afraid, for that the Great Man above had sent him there to be killed and die with him. As the men advanced to the door, the Corn-stalk rose up and met them; they fired upon him, and seven or eight bullets went through him. So fell the great Corn-stalk warrior, whose name was bestowed upon him by the consent of the nation, as their great strength and support. His son was shot dead, as he sat upon a stool. The Red-hawk made an attempt to go up the chimney, but was shot down. The other Indian was shamefully mangled, and I grieved to see him so long in the agonies of death.

The Corn-stalk, from personal appearance and many brave acts, was undoubtedly a hero. Had he been spared to live, I believe he would have been friendly to the American cause; for nothing could induce him to make the visit to the garrison at the critical time he did, but to communicate to them the temper and disposition of the Indians, and their design of taking part with the British. On the day he was killed we held a council, at which he was present. His countenance was dejected; and he made a speech, all of which seemed to indicate an honest and manly disposition. He acknowledged that he expected that he and his people would have to run with the stream, for that all the Indians on the lakes and northwardly, were joining the British. He said that when he returned to the Shawnee towns after the battle at the Point he called a council of the nation to consult what was to be done, and upbraided them for their folly in not suffering him to make peace on the evening before the battle. "What," he said, "will you do now? The Big Knife is coming on us, and we shall be killed. Now you must fight, or we are undone." But no one made an answer. He said, then let us kill all our women and children, and go and fight till we die. But none would answer. At length he rose and struck his tomahawk in the post in the centre of the house: "I'll go," he said, "and make peace;" and then all the warriors grunted out "ough, ough, ough," and runners were instantly dispatched to the Governor's army to solicit a peace and the interposition of the Governor on their behalf.

When he made his speech in council with us he seemed to be impressed with an awful premonition of his approaching fate. For he repeatedly said, "When I was a young man and went to war I thought that might be the last time, and I would return no more. Now I am here amongst you; you may kill me if you please; I can die but once, and it is all one to me now or another time." This declaration concluded every sentence of his speech. He was killed

cil. A few days after this catastrophe General Hand arrived, but had no troops. We were discharged, and returned home a short time before Christmas. Not long after we left the garrison a small party of Indians appeared near the fort, and Lieutenant Moore was ordered, with a party, to pursue them. Their design was to retaliate the murder of Corn-stalk. Moore had not pursued one quarter of a mile until he fell into an ambuscade and was killed, with several of his men.

The next year, 1778, in the month of May, a small party of Indians again appeared near the garrison, and showed themselves and decamped apparently in great terror. But the garrison was aware of their seduction, and no one was ordered to pursue them. Finding that their scheme was not likely to succeed, their whole army rose up at once and showed themselves, extending across from the bank of the Ohio to the bank of the Kenawha, and commenced firing upon the garrison, but without effect for several hours. At length one of them had the presumption to advance so near the fort as to request the favor of being permitted to come in to which Captain McKee granted his assent, and the stranger very com- posedly walked in. Captain Arbuckle was then absent, on a visit in Greenbrier, to his family. During the time the strange gentleman was in the fort, a gun went off in the fort by accident. The Indians without, raised a hideous yell, supposing the fellow was killed; but he instantly jumped up into one of the bastions and showed himself, giving the sign that all was well, and reconciled his friends. Finding that they could make no impression upon the garrison, they concluded to come on to Greenbrier; and collecting all the cattle about the garrison for provision on their march, set off up the Kenawha, in great military parade, to finish their campaign and take vengeance on us for the death of Corn-stalk.

By virtue of authority vested in me as Trustee of the estate of W. R. Sutton, Bankrupt, I will offer for sale on or before the 18th day of December, 1907, the personal and real estate of the said W. R. Sutton, situated in the said Pocahontas county. Between this date and the 18th day of December, 1907, I will sell at private sale any part of said property that will bring its appraised price, and on the said 18th day of December 1907, at one o'clock p. m., I will offer for sale the personal property of said Sutton, or so much thereof as remains unsold, at public auction to the highest bidder at his home place about two miles from Hosterman, W. Va. The personal property consists of 1 horse, bull, 2 calves, 100 rods of wire fencing, and farming utensils. The real estate consists of two farms on Back Alleghany Mt.—one of 348 acres and one of 308 acres—and one half interest in lots and building in town of Marlinton, W. Va.

Terms of sale: Cash. T. S. McNEEL, Trustee. December 4, 1907.

Why Politicians Disagree. Crazy people never act together, declares the superintendent of a large asylum for the insane. "If one inmate attacks an attendant, as sometimes happens, the others would look upon it as no affair of theirs and simply watch it out. The moment we discover two or more inmates working together we would know they were on the road to recovery."

STATE NEWS
A special election will be held in the 13th Senatorial District on January 11, to elect a successor to the late Senator Talbot, who died during the last session of the legislature.

An attempt is being made to revive the West Virginia Editorial Association, and hold a meeting at Elkins in the near future.

The Fayette Journal reports the find of a small sized volcano or moonshiners' flue, in the mountains of Fayette. Steam and smoke come from the ground, which for some distance is very hot.

Some boys while hunting near Charleston, discovered a counterfeiter's den. There were moulds, metal and money "necks" from the moulds, showing that a great deal of spurious coin had been manufactured. The room was hollowed under a cove which screened from peering eyes. The boys had tracked a rabbit in the same place, and by trying to unearth it, discovered the den.

A son of Jesse Canfield, of Parsons, a resident of Marlinton, a number of years since, accidentally killed himself while hunting, some days since. In crossing a stream he threw the gun across before him, and discharged it, the shot taking effect in the boy's head.

In the municipal election at Marlinton last week, a Republican Mayor was elected by a small majority. The council is Democratic.

On the Western Maryland near Cumberland the wrecking car was wrecked while going to clear up a freight wreck.

T. G. Pownall, field agent for the United States Leather Company, with headquarters at Cumberland, has been transferred to the main offices of the company in New York.

In Braxton county a school marm was arrested for teaching on a bogus certificate. A gentleman friend had entered the examination in her name. The certificate has been revoked and an effort made to prosecute her.

Six bumptious upper class students at the Wesleyan College at Buckhannon prepared a reception for two new students, who were Hatfields and hailed from Tug River. In the melee all six received knife wounds more or less serious. A doctor patched up the victims and Hatfields no longer feel home sick.

A man at Bunker Hill, being told of some guns which had been thrown in a stream by Union soldiers flying before Stonewall Jackson, went to the place and found one of them, a Springfield rifle in good state of repair, although it had lain in the water 45 years.

Near Wheeling about seven years ago an old man named Kervey was murdered near his home. He had sold some property \$11,000, drawn the money from the bank and hid it away. The murderer evidently knew of it, but was never able to acquire any of it.

Mrs. Sallie Herold, for many years a resident of Pocahontas county, died at her home in Cowen, Webster county, last week, aged 85 years. She was the widow of the late Solomon Herold. Her maiden name was Waybright, of Highland. She is survived by three children, one of whom is Mrs. J. W. McNeil, of Union.

The town of Union, Monroe county, is putting in a system of water works.

Last week a successful operation was performed at the Hinton Hospital for perforated bowels upon a typhoid patient. This, we understand is a very difficult and dangerous operation, and one not often performed.

From manufacturing centres all over the state, come reports of

of employment, and thousands are taking their savings and going home to enjoy them where living is cheap, and a days wage will support a family in luxury a week.

The Buckhannon Banner has installed a typesetting machine.

The warden of the state penitentiary at Moundsville is now in Washington to induce the Federal authorities to send Federal prisoners to the government at Atlanta, as the Moundsville penitentiary is taxed beyond its capacity.

While uncovering a vein of coal near Webster Springs last week a well preserved skeleton was exhumed. There was no clothing or article by which to identify it. It is presumed to be the remains of a war time victim or possibly those of an Indian.

Political Dictionary.

(From the Kingwood Journal)
HEXTER—A slang word referring to the cheap skates who line up voters on election day. "Ward Heeler," the most common these are in no way to be confused with "Divine Healer." They work on orders from the lower regions.

ROBBERIES—Stories, true and untrue or as Webster says "a defamatory forgery or falsehood, published for the purpose of political intrigue." It originated in 1844 during the campaign of James K. Polk.

BUNCOMBE—Anything written or spoken for the securing of public applause. An automobile is not buncombe. Men who use buncombe are apt to believe it themselves, and hope to make their constituents do so. It is like a corduroy road—makes rough traveling sometimes.

CRUD—A force used in the slum precincts of the city on election day when decent citizens attempt to vote. Another definition means the heavy spaces which Presley Morris uses between his editorials. They are supposed to add weight to the paragraphs, but they do not. Every candidate hopes to "slug" his opponent.

RED RAVEN—An apurient water very popular with the candidates "the morning after." The night before, the candidates think the world is his. The next morning he drinks Red Raven to make sure the world is not all against him. Eating crow after the next state convention will not be as refreshing as drinking Red Raven.

LEMONADE—A beverage popular with the water wagon passengers. It consists of a quart of water, two cherries, a piece of pine apple and a susicion of lemon. The would be pious candidate drinks lemonade at the bar and something stronger behind the door.

LOBBYIST—A man who wears a large diamond, red tie, and tailor made clothes. He is bumptious and pretends to dictate to legislators how they should vote. The lobbyist belongs to the "Success Official" variety of the feline family, which travels at night and leaves a trail behind nearly as bad as that left by an automobile.

MUD—The principal formation of West Virginia roads and the chief part of the volume of the Ohio river water. Candidates sometimes throw mud at each other but they get the slime out of their own filthy pockets which is not nearly as clean as the kind which makes this state a poor place for auto riding. The mud-throwing politician and newspaper are at their own words, bye and bye.

RING—Party leaders of influence are called. "The Ring" by the has been who stand outside, of the high board fence and peep through the not holes. If they were inside, they would call themselves the divine right pie eaters. There are a whole lot of very angry little boys who have failed to prove themselves good marble players in West Virginia, and they are weeping and making faces at the big men of the party

Trustees Sale

Pursuant to authority vested in me by an order of the circuit court of Pocahontas county entered on the 7th day of November 1907 appointing me trustee in the place and stead of G. R. Richardson who was made trustee in a certain deed of trust executed by Lottie McNeil and J. R. Painter, dated October 9, 1906, recorded in the office of the clerk of the county court in Trust Deed book No. 4, page 216, and granting a certain tract of land situated on the west side of Greenbrier river in Pocahontas county, West Virginia adjoining the lands of Clabe Morrison and others, and is the same lands conveyed to the said Lottie McNeil by Ed Aldridge and wife by deed of record in said Clerk's office in Deed book No. 40, page 282. Said deed of trust is to secure the payment of two negotiable notes, both dated October 9, 1906, one for \$200.00, payable to C. W. Oeston and one for \$100.00 payable to Andrew Price, due six months after date and signed by said Lottie McNeil and J. R. Painter, and default having been made in the payment of said notes and a sale being demanded by the holders hereof I will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house of Pocahontas county in Marlinton, West Virginia, on December 10, 1907 the tract of land above described, belonging to said Lottie McNeil.

Terms: Sufficient cash to pay cost of the trust and expenses of sale and the balance due six months from day of sale, the purchaser executing his negotiable note for same with approved endorser, and title to the said property to be retained as ultimate security.

I. S. McNEEL, Trustee, State of West Virginia, Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in November, 1907.

George Craig & Sons, a corporation vs. E. V. Dunlevie, Flint, Erving and Stoner Lumber Company, a corporation, and T. S. McNeil Defendants

The object of this suit is to recover of the defendant, E. V. Dunlevie, the sum of \$1215.33 due from him to the said George Craig and Sons and to subject to the payment of the same by foreign attachment any property of the said Dunlevie which may be found within the state of West Virginia, and any sums of money due or owing to him from the said Flint, Erving & Stoner Lumber Company.

This day came the plaintiff by its attorneys and on their motion, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant E. V. Dunlevie, is a non resident of this State, it is ordered that he do appear within one month after the first publication hereof and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste: J. G. TILTON, Clerk. Davis & Davis, Price, Osenton & McPeak, Sol.

Under a new law enacted by the West Virginia Legislature last winter the county Assessors are required to begin assessing on January 1 instead of April 1st, as heretofore. It is the belief of the State Tax Commissioner that more property will be found on January 1, than on April 1, in possession of tax payers. The assessor is also required to collect one dollar road tax from all citizens between the age of 21 and 50 years at the time he assesses them so that all voters between the above age limits, and not living in an incorporated town will have to pay two dollars to

JOKE ON PROFESSOR

UNWITTING VICTIM OF HIS OWN ADVICE.

Pupil Faithfully Followed Instructions and the Result Was Broken Rest for the Unfortunate Music Teacher.

The late Prof. Julius Eichberg, whose violin school was at one time one of the most flourishing institutions of Boston, enjoyed telling the following joke which was innocently played on him by a pupil:

"Just before the vacation season he once inquired of a boy how much he intended to practice on his violin during the summer.

"Oh, not very much," replied the youngster.

"Not very much! How is that?"

"Because I want to play and enjoy myself. There are many other boys where we go summers."

"That's very well," answered Eichberg, "but can you devote one hour a day to your violin?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Half an hour?"

"No, not even that. I have no time."

"It is too bad, for you will forget everything you have learned."

Eichberg stopped a minute to think and then said:

"What time do you rise mornings when on your vacation?"

"Very early, sir—between five and six."

"Well, that's the best time. Put in half an hour's practice every morning before you go down to breakfast."

The boy promised faithfully to do so, and teacher and pupil parted on the best of terms.

A few weeks later, Eichberg was peacefully slumbering in one of the cool rooms of a fashionable summer hotel, when he and his family reached the night before, when he was most inopportunistly awakened by the furious screaming of a violin just over his head.

"I wonder who the plague catgut-scraper is at this hour," grumbled he, as he looked at his watch, and was horrified to see that it was not yet six o'clock.

Sleeping late, as was his continental habit, was altogether out of the question for Eichberg that morning, for the outlandish screaming was faithfully kept up just half an hour, and then suddenly ceased.

By that time, however, he had dressed himself, and having come downstairs, was about to enter the dining room for breakfast, together with the usual early morning breakfast was being served to him by familiar faces, who said proudly:

"I follow your advice, professor, and have not missed one morning. Have just put in half an hour's practice."

"I know it," grimly answered Eichberg.

Immediately after breakfast he walked to the desk and asked for another room.

A Home Loving Bird.

Direct evidence of the return of the same individual bird of a migrating species to a particular spot season after season is not easily obtainable, but N. C. Bowers believes that he has such evidence concerning a chipping sparrow at Lakewood, N. J., says the Youth's Companion. A few years ago he heard a little bird concealed in the top of a maple uttering a peculiar song which he could not recognize. The next season he heard the same peculiar song in a tree but a few yards from the original point. This time he identified the bird, which seemed to have learned a song of its own. The third year he did not visit Lakewood at the proper season to meet his little friend, but the fourth year he heard and saw it again near the same spot. It appeared always to make its summer home in the trees on an area not more than two acres in extent.

Is the Horse Doomed?

One has only to compare the streets of London, where horses are far more used than here, with those of New York to realize how much they have gained by our increasing use of mechanical motors for our trucks and street cars. The banishment of horses from the city, for any use except park and suburban driving, would make the town as much more comfortable than it is now as the present New York is more comfortable to get about in than London. But Mr. Edison's promises for storage batteries for automobiles have not yet materialized. It might be prudent not to sell your truck horse until your neighbor has used one of the new motors and you can see how it works.

Toned Down.

A well known author had been asked to write a brief history of the life of a man who had done some service to his country. This man had originally been a wood chopper, a fact to which his historian gave prominence. "Don't say he was a wood chopper," said the son of the family. "That will never do." "What shall I say, then?" asked the author. "Say—let me see, now. Just say that he was connected with the timber industry."

Many Deer in Japan.

Deer are relatively numerous in various parts of Japan, and in such show places as Maru and Miyajima are held as sacred, becoming so tame as to eat from the hands of visitors. They are generally smaller in size than the American deer.

Japan in South America.

DOGS IN WARTIME

OF GREAT VALUE IN FINDING THE WOUNDED.

Frenchmen Urge Minister of War to Have Animals Attached to Ambulance Corps—Idea is Not a New One.

Since dogs have proved to be such able assistants to the Paris police corps why shouldn't they be trained to reinforce the hospital and ambulance service of the French army? The advantages of this innovation have been set forth at some length by Dr. Hebebrand and Capt. Tolet in a volume which has just been published. It is entitled "Dog as an Aid to the Sanitary Corps."

That dogs should be taught to seek out the wounded on the battlefield is no new idea. The experiment was tried with success at the time of the Boer war, and at the battle of Chahon in the conflict in the far east three dogs sent out by the German Alliance discovered 23 soldiers who had been given up for lost.

In 1890, by order of the German war minister, two dogs were added to the sanitary corps of one of the crack regiments. Since then, clubs for the training of dogs in war time have been formed in Dresden, Cologne, Coburg, Aix-la-chapelle and Newburg. Similar societies have been organized in Holland, Sweden and Italy. In fact all of the European countries have turned their attention to the subject at one time or other except France.

Dr. Hebebrand and Capt. Tolet urge the military authorities to repair this omission. "There are many good breeds of dogs in France which would break easily to the military training."

It is an undisputed fact, these authors say, that after an engagement there is a mass of wounded and dying men who are overlooked by the nurses and litter carriers. A case in point is quoted. At the battle of Resonville Gravelotte in 1870 two injured soldiers lay for three days in a ravine. The ground had been gone over many times by the ambulance service and yet they had not been found. In instances like this the usefulness of dogs as scouts is unquestioned.

It is a wonder that during the war, have not awakened long before this last decade to the importance of dogs as practical helpers in war time, the authors think. On the battlefield the role of these canine assistants would be very much the same as that of the St. Bernard dogs—aid they have been rescuing snowbound travelers for several centuries.

Outdoor Life for Dogs.

To insure health, both for the dog and for yourself, always accustom your dog to living out of doors. This may not do for the small, feeble and insignificant pet or lap dog, but they are so useful that they come under a separate class. A good-sized substantial kennel or dog house should be made—one which is secure against the rain and storm and of a size to insure plenty of spare room. It is well to have it made with a movable roof, attached by hooks, so it can be readily and frequently cleaned. Before using it thoroughly whitewash it inside and then fill it up with clean, bright and sweet straw. At least once a month replace the straw, thoroughly sweeping out the box after removing and burning the old straw.

A dog which is permitted to come into or stay in the house and hug the kitchen stove becomes tender and lazy and is apt to catch cold very readily, besides being a nuisance, getting in one's way and scratching off a few hairs now and then. Keep things lively with the members of your household.—Suburban Life.

Two Bucks with One Bullet.

Jay Bowers, of this city, has returned home from a month's hunting trip in Humboldt county, with a record of having shot two fine bucks with one bullet. One was a forked horn and the other a three-pointer. One of the animals weighed 134 pounds dressed.

That two deer had been killed with one shot was not discovered until one of the animals was being dressed, when the bullet was found to have entered its right side, while Bowers asserted he had shot the animal on the left side. An investigation brought to light the second deer lying dead close to where the first had been found. Evidently they had been standing close together when Bowers shot.—San Francisco Call.

Consider the Birds of the Air.

An eminent ornithologist calls attention to the fact that a crane can travel through the air a thousand miles a day without flapping its wings, but by merely keeping them stretched and adjusted to the prevailing breeze. A hawk can stay in the air for days and weeks, moving with its wings motionless. It is the same with the gulls and numerous other winged creatures. In studying the science of aerostatics, consider the birds of the air.

Prescody.

"Tommy," said Mrs. Tucker, who was showing him through the geological department of the great museum "these are called aerolites. They are supposed to be fragments of some planet that has been broken up. They come within the attraction of our planet and fall to the earth."

"O, I know what they are, all right," said Tommy. "They're the ballast the man in the moon has to throw out to keep himself up in the sky."

"The best way to cure yourself of crying is to live alone," said the woman. "I used to cry an awful lot when I was married, but I hardly ever do now. It's the saddest thing in the world to hear yourself crying all alone in your flat, and what's the use, say, if there is nobody around to say, 'There! There!'"

Japan in South America.

Japanese merchants who speak both Spanish and English are steadily extending their trade in the larger cities of the west coast of South America.

The Real Thing.

"That ain't the college yell the young fellow is giving now," explained the old inhabitant. "The old man is wearing out a few inches on him in the years since he was a young fellow."

It is all right for you now, but when you are old and your hair is thinning, you will be glad to hear the young fellow yell.

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